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Seasonal Synthesis

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**Seasonal
Synesthesia**

Lesa Dill

I

Black Limbs,
Pink and white blossoms upon the trees,
And a feeling deep within
That cannot be understood
Or spoken.

Pine trees in the rain
And feelings just as intense,
But just as unexplainable,
And just as real as the feeling
Of red berries in the fall.

II

There was a green haze upon the earth.
It spread from corner to corner,
From side to side.
In this green haze I was lost.
Green I saw
And green I breathed—
All earth was green.
I was not.
I was blue as blue could be,
Orange, yellow and pink,
But the green haze was upon the earth
And I was lost in it.

III

Days of elderberry softness,
Wine-colored, shiny-bright
Days of no end,
When day drifted warmly into twilight
And twilight floated into night.
I felt it was simpler
To stay in these days
Of elderberry softness
When the earth and the stars were mine.

IV

The rain-drenched, spice-scented carpet of brown
Is out upon the earth.
I, in the glass dome of one existence,
Am locked away from earth and life.
Cold rain must feel on warm skin,
Sharp, splintered sleet must feel,
Instead of this perpetual ether-life
Away from my earth and my reality.

V

The temperature drops, the moon rises,
And the world falls under a dark witching spell
Of midnight and freezes and cold, cold, cold.
It freezes the blood in my heart
And sends icicles through my veins.
Winter—that barren time before birth
When only dry skeletons remain—

Martin Eden
Gabriel S. Mata
Painting
First Place

That maddening time when howling wolves yelp and whine
Around in circles outside of my room
In darkness—
That tearing time when dogs run mad
Through the woods baying at shadows
And crunching leaves . . .
Leaves me cold, cold, cold.
The fire goes out at ten degrees—
I must find kindling and dry logs.

VI The ice storm comes
Playing the wires of my window screen
Like a guitarist plays a guitar
Plucking at the strings.
The melody is always the same.

VII The sound of the night in winter is like nothing else.
Even the sounds are cold.
In the distance a train passes—rumbling—
Cold wheels on cold steel trucks—uphill—
As if fighting the night and winter.
Closer and closer, louder and louder until it seems to go through me
And, rending me in two,
Leaves downhill into the valley
With the sound of a thousand trains and a thousand winter nights.

VIII If I could urge spring along,
I'd push with both hands
Until the winter went
Tumbling off the cliff.
I'd push the green through the earth
And wash the gray away,
But I cannot.

IX Perpetual thaws
And slush
In between cold
And warm--
Somewhere in the no-man's land
Of the circle
Where I am,
And from the look of things
Where I will stay.

X Forget the poetry and love songs,
Throw down your pen,
And sing the song of Death.
The comforter is dampness,
The controller of the dark
Will break the harp
And blunt your pen,
Dance his dance
And end.

XI Bolero is the king of dance—
In circle upon circle, higher and higher
Until he comes to the end,
Then transforms,
Continues
Forever in space.

First Place Poetry